

# Do Not Fail To Place Your Order For Your Coal

THE PRICE WILL ADVANCE SEPTEMBER 1ST.

14th St. and L. & N. R. R.

E. L. FOULKES

PHONE 20.

## MR. FELAND'S EULOGIUM

Continued from First Page.

Elizabeth Austin, the saintly woman who became his wife, who was to share his every joy, to be his companion in every privation and suffering, every heartache, every cross.

Of this union came a son, Charles Clifton Ferrell, whom we knew always as Clifton. The world of education and business knew him as Dr. Ferrell, the man of letters, of scholarly attainments, the man of affairs. Only a short time ago, in the hours of the midnight, when he went forth to protect the property which had been entrusted to him, he was the victim of a cowardly assassination, shot down without a warning, dying without a ritual or a prayer. He has left behind him a wife and two manly little fellows whom I hope will perpetuate the good name of the Ferrell family. No poor words of mine could offer any solace. We all loved Clifton and we only recall him as a blonde-haired, blue-eyed boy, who seemed to have the smile of an angel and which seemed to intensify when the toils of the road were many. There's many a man in this presence for whom Clifton worked examples that they couldn't work, and I bear honest testimony to the fact that he read many a line of Latin and Greek for the man who now addresses you, and the good part of it was that he made me understand it, had read it for me. Let us realize that he has crossed over the River and ever rests under the Shade of the Trees. Reverting to the Major, he went from Greenville to Catesville, Md., and then in 1869 he came to Kentucky Military Institute, at Frankfort, and in the year 1873 he came to dear old Hopkinsville, home sweet home. The rest you know as well as I do.

Though he be dead for nearly six years, and though it be more than forty years since some of us boys crossed the stiles or rode in the big gate, can we not recall him as if it were but yesterday. The blue sack coat, the grey trousers, the box-toed boots, the black silk bow, the turned down collar, the immaculate shirt front, the silk watch guard, the soft hat, the pocket book, and the little yellow box of Brown's Bronchial Trochees and the cane. He was the cleanest man I ever knew in every way, and in this he was a striking contrast to us boys. When you recall what a hard time he had teaching us anything you must accord to him the patience of Job himself. There were times when he thought he was harsh and severe, the tears freely flowed and we groped down the plank-walk, humiliated and sick at heart. Time though has told the story that it was all for the best and all for our good. No matter whether he shamed us, no matter whether he bored us, no matter even if he sent us to the Gun Room and the hickories to await his pleasure, it was because he felt that it was his duty to us and to himself. This must have been true, because many of us were stronger and bigger than he was, and yet we were as afraid of him as a grizzly bear or a Bengal tiger. Yes, my schoolmates, when we want to judge the Major in must not be through our present vision and from our present view point, but rather we must remember what we were then and how near to no foundation he had to build on. Here was one of the most lovable and most marked traits of Major Ferrell. Everyone, high or low, intimate or distant, who met him, felt the influence of his good will, of his earnest desire to accord to each one the courtesy and recognition of his right as a member of society to which he was entitled. Any painful feeling that he had to cause by what duty

required him to say was as painful to him as it was to the person to whom he felt called upon in this way to speak. He never exaggerated his own importance. He deprecated the personal equation. He was always for helping a cause or some other person, and he had truly that charity and love of his fellow men, which as the poem has it, is really the love of God and made the name of Abou Ben Adhem lead all the rest. How strikingly different were his methods from those of the present days. He never opened school without reading a lesson from the Bible and offering a prayer for himself and all of us boys. Today in many communities the right to read our mother's Bible in the Public schools is being questioned. When we went to the Major he commenced at 8 and quit at 4, and many a country student fed his horse by the light of a lantern, and many a town boy had to go after coal oil before his supper could be served. Now in this present day they commence at 9 and quit at 1:30 with two recesses. To the boy who goes to our High school, every day in the scholastic year is a half holiday. When we went to the Major, we never got any except for Thanksgiving, Christmas and funerals in the immediate family. When we had an examination we knew that when he handed us a list of questions that we were up against the real thing. How different were the Major's methods from what we see nowadays.

Speaking of our modern education compared with that the Major gave us, I was much struck with the test of old memories conducted among the assistants of the Chicago Public Library. Of the 630 boys Major Ferrell taught, many of you were considered bright and possessed of remarkable memories. Let's see if you could pass this up-to-date examination, or would you be put back in the awkward squad of the hopelessly grown-ups:

1. For what person or persons was the wool of the black sheep destined?
2. Describe maneuvers of the French Army as recorded by M. Goose and give number of men in French Army.
3. Give short biographical sketch of Solomon Grundy, and mention 7 important events in his life.
4. Who killed Cock Robin?
5. Discuss the social significance of the botanical arrangement in Quite Contrary Mary's garden.
6. Describe the co-operative system of domestic economy in Jack Spratts household.
7. Describe briefly the astral phenomena which led to the elopement of two useful kitchen-utensils.
8. How many court musicians were maintained at the court of Old King Cole?
9. Name and describe articles on which Miss Muffett sat.
10. Who stole the Queen of Heart pastry?

"The Librarian" of the Boston Transcript, thinking maybe that on account of our children we had lately crammed on these subjects, recommends the following more comprehensive examination:

1. What was the net result of the efforts of the royal force (both infantry and cavalry) to restore Humpty-Dumpty to his former estate? Do you see in this any lesson as to the failure of a militaristic system?
2. Describe the co-operative expedition of Jack and Jill and the ensuing catastrophe. From the point of view of emancipated womanhood, ought Jill to have preceded Jack down the hill?
3. Explain by a diagram the encounter of the Lion and the Unicorn. Do you see in this any prophecy as to the outcome in the war in Europe? Does the Unicorn typify Germany?
4. In view of the reflection upon



HON. JOHN FELAND.

the conditions of highways in Gloucester, Mass., contained in the account of the visit of Dr. Foster to that city, should this be forbidden in the public schools as detrimental to commercial interests and contrary to the loyal spirit of "Don't knock; Boost?"

What's the use though of making comparisons. I'm not a pessimist in any sense of the word, but I am a great believer in the theory of Hon. James A. McKerzie, the distinguished father of a gentleman who appears here tonight. That this is a millenium of minnows. It may be a blue view to take, but it seems to me that nearly all the greatness, nearly all the goodness in all the walks of life died with our fathers and mothers. In this present time most young boys smoke cigarettes, drink Coca-Cola, play billiards and lawn-tennis, or maybe they can work

the steering wheel of an automobile but they are in no sort of sense producers. You can go to a modern dance in one of our cities and there's no such thing as the Virginia Reel, the Grand March, the Lancers or the old fashioned Quadrille, but instead we see the Bunny Hug, The Fox Trot, Grizzly Bear or Bailing the Jack. As the girl passes, you realize that while she is beautiful she can't make up a bed, sew a button on your shirt or make a biscuit, and if the cook is not there, she can't even help the poor tired worn-out mother wash the dishes. And there are to be the wives and the mothers of the future. I think so often that the Major must have foreseen these conditions when he tried so hard to make something out of us. I believe that he had in mind that it was better for us to bear the cross then if we wanted to win a crown later. We thought so often that our lot was hard, that the

burden was more than we could bear and at that age in life we looked up through our tears and thought the road-way was full of briars and thorns. And yet there's none of us here tonight who wouldn't give the world if we could start over again, if we could have him back, if we could only build the old School House again just as it was and don our uniforms of gray which old Aunt Caroline Clardy made for us, and in fact tonight we must all feel like Louise Tarkington has so well expressed it in verse:

### The Land of Beginning Again.

I wish that there were some wonderful place  
Called the Land of Beginning Again,  
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches,  
And all of our poor selfish grief,  
Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat, at the door,  
And never put on again.  
I wish we could come on it all unware,  
Like the hunter who finds a lost trail,  
And I wish that the one whom our business had done  
The greatest injustice of all  
Could be at the gate, like an old friend that waits  
For the comrade he's gladdest to hail.  
We could find all the things we intended to do  
But forgot, and remembered—too late,  
Little praises unspoken, little promises broken.  
And all of the thousand and one  
Little duties neglected that might have perfected  
The day for one less fortunate.  
It wouldn't be possible not to be kind  
In the Land of Beginning Again.  
And the ones we misjudged and the ones whom we grudged  
Their moments of victory here,  
Would find in the grasp of our loving hand clasp  
More than penitent lips could explain.  
For what had been hardest we'd know had been best,  
And what had seemed less would be gain.  
For there isn't a sting that will not take wing  
When we've freed it and laughed it away;

And I think the laughter is most what we're after,  
In the land of Beginning Again.  
So I wish that there were some wonderful place  
Called the Land of Beginning Again,  
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches,  
And all of our poor selfish grief  
Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat, at the door,  
And never put on again.

Time will not permit me to go into details, and I feel that each of you knew the Major just as I did. No man was ever a greater slave to duty. He loved us, he loved his family. He loved the Baptist church. He loved his God, and if we may rely upon the teaching of the man of Galilee, as with confidence we do, then is the future of our teacher assured. Such a life surely did not end when death came. Rather let us believe that it was the beginning of a higher and better existence, and that his earthly activities were but the prelude of a life of greater beauty, of greater aspirations and of nobler achievements, of duty better done. In the contemplation of the great mystery that surrounds death and immortality, which no one however wise can fully interpret, we may well exclaim:

Shall I say that what Heaven gave earth has been taken?  
Or that sleepers in the grave re-awaken.  
Our sole sentence can we know, can we say  
You our teacher had to go. We—to stay.

### Hopkinsville Boy.

Ewell Wilkins, a son of W. W. Wilkins, of this city, was probably lost in the Galveston storm, at any rate he has not been heard from. The young man was on the dredge boat San Bernardo when it sank in the storm and most of its crew went down. Hope has about been abandoned by his parents.

### Second Penalty

On your city taxes will be just double the amount of first penalty, if not paid before Sept. 1st.

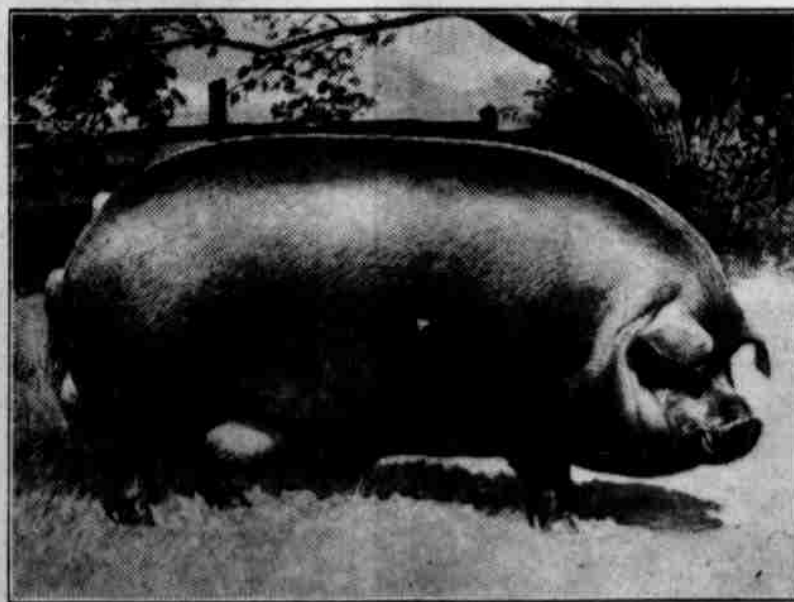
HENRY T. HURT,  
City Tax Col.

## Imperator Bred Sow and Gilt Sale

On Hopkinsville Fair Grounds, Hopkinsville, Ky.,

Friday, August 27, 1915

I WILL SELL



### IMPERATOR,

Grand Champion Kentucky State Fair, 1914.  
Sale will begin promptly at 1 o'clock p. m. on Fair Grounds at Hopkinsville, Ky.  
Address me at Pembroke, Ky., for Catalog.

JOHN H. WILLIAMS

**60 HEAD** Consisting of Tried Sows, Fall and Spring Yearling Gilt and some Spring Gilt and Boars. The offering is sired by such boars as IMPERATOR, FANCY COL., THE PROFESSOR, JOHN'S OHIO CHIEF, PRINCE OF COLS. AGAIN, ORION CHIEF, A'S DEFENDER, MODEL WONDER, CHIEF ORION, DEFENDER, DEFENDER'S OHIO CHIEF, THE KENTUCKIAN and a grand old matron by PROUD ADVANCE. As a special attraction there will be 25 SOWS BRED TO IMPERATOR, the half-tone boar—the giant boar that breeds them big and smooth, and an outstanding show winner as a senior yearling. Will also sell a few spring boars and gilts sired by him. They are show prospects.

For Catalog and Any Information Desired, Address

Pembroke, Ky.